





The Editors Write:

Dear Readers

If you'll read Robert Hagenv's letter on this page, you will see that he asks us not to change anything in BLUE BOLT. I wonder if many of you readers realize just how many changes have taken place in BLUE BOLT in the last few years. The very fact that these revisions are not too obvious pleases us editors, but, on the other hand, "time marches on" and BLUE BOLT has to keep up with the progress of the world.

We are continually striving to please the readers and follow in any way possible all the suggestions made, if we consider them of real benefit to BLUE BOLT. Nine out of ten times you readers put us on the right track and we sail through to even more pleasant reading, bettering BLUE BOLT as we go along.

We hope all the changes that we make are steps forward in reading enjoyment for you and that's why your letters of criticism and comment are read so carefully. Our staff looks upon you readers as contributing editors! Those letters are important, so keep writing to us and we'll make only those changes in BLUE BOLT that will give you "critics" MORE for your dime.

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I enjoy every page of BLUE BOLT and I hope you will not change anything in it. If you leave it as it is I am sure you will always have a leading magazine.

> Sincerely, Robert Hageny Oswego, New York

We are glad that you like BLUE BOLT so much, Bob!

Dear Editors:

I am 14, and ever since I can remember I have been reading BLUE BOLT comics. Mother and Dad both like your comic book. Dick Cole and the Fearless Fellers are our favorite characters.

I am sure we won't stop reading your comics as they are tops with our family.

> A faithful reader, Dorothy Shinick Bridgeport, Pennsylvania

We are glad, Dorothy, that all of your family get pleasure out of BLUE BOLT comics, too.

Dear Editors

I like your magazine very much. My favorite stories are Dick Cole and Blue Bolt, I don't get very much out of Edison Bell, because it is not my type of story.

I like the artists that are in the book. For instance, take Jim Wilcox that draws Dick Cole, and Tom Gill that draws Blue Bolt. These two are my favorite artists.

I think there should be more about

Krisko & Jasper and Sergeant Spook. Otherwise I think your magazine is pretty good. I am fifteen years of age and my hobby is trying to draw funny pictures.

Yours very truly, Ruth Harrell Jacksonwille, Florida

Your hobby sounds like fun, Ruth.

Dear Editors:

I wanted to write and tell you how much I enjoy your comic book.

I like all the features in the magazine, but best of all I like Dick Cole, Sergeant Spook and Edison Bell.

As soon as I finish my copy of BLUE BOLT, I send it along to a friend of mine in the Navy, because of the scarcity of paper, and, where he is. I don't think there are any comics as good as BLUE BOLT.

> A faithful reader. Betty Grimes Swampscott, Massachusetts

It is very nice of you to send your friend in the Navy your copies of BLUE BOLT, Betty.

Dear Editors:

I just got my latest copy of BLUE BOLT. I never want to miss Dick Cole. He's my favorite. Blue Bolt and Krisko and Jasper are some more of my favorites. I also like your printed story, too.

Sincerely. Hugh Mulvaney Plainfield, New Jersey

We are glad that you like the whole book, Hugh.

Dear Editors:

I like Dick Cole, Edison Bell and Blue Bolt especially, but the others are okay too. The O's and A's featore is a hig help to me in school.

Whenever I get a new comic my father usually reads it first and he says BLUE BOLT is his favorite comic book.

Sincerely,

Frank L. Widerstrom, Jr. Wildwood, New Jersey

P.S. Edison Bell's ideas are really

It is nice that the O's and A's help you in your school work, Frank.

Dear Editors:

I have been reading BLUE BOLT for years and enjoy it very much. My favorite strip is Blue Bolt, but I also like Krisko and Jasper.

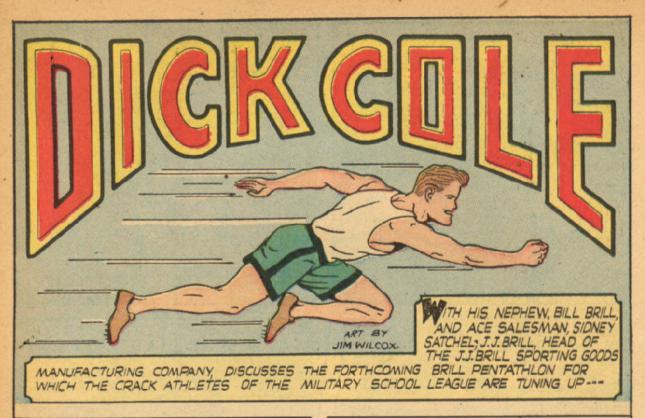
However, I do think you should have a girl story in BLUE BOLT.

Sincerely,

Joe Barnett Pampa, Texase

A boy reader who would actually like a girl strip! Good for you, Joe!

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y. \$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.





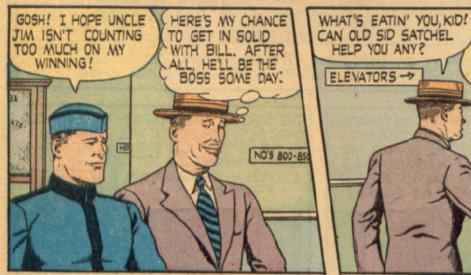


Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor Mel Cummin, Art Director; Peggy Ann Crowley, Associate Editor; Helen Doig Schmid, Editorial Assistant.

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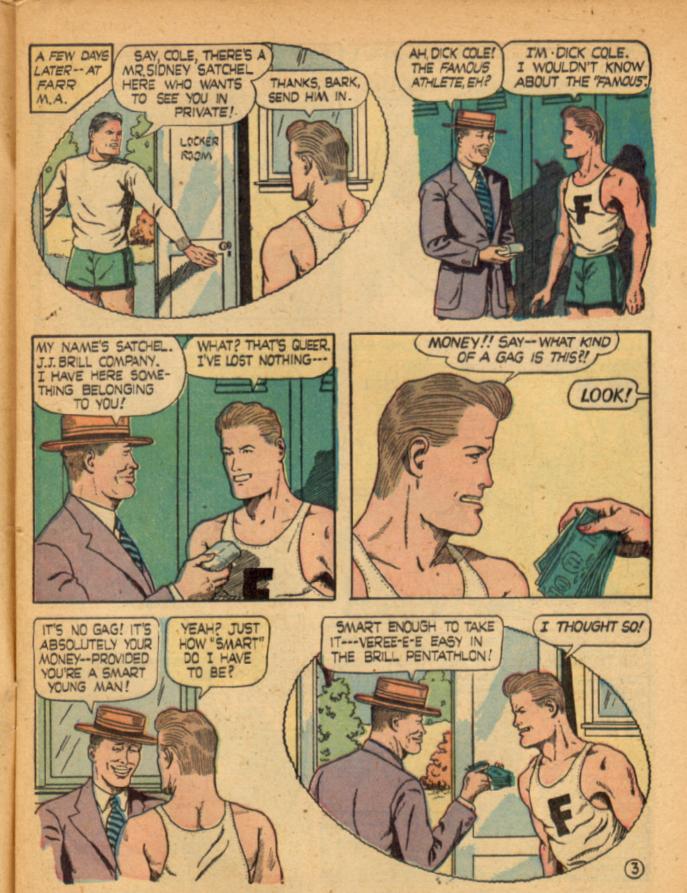






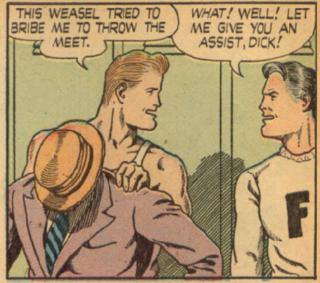


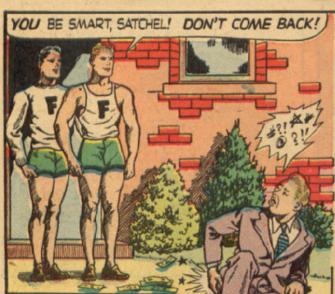
QUESTION Does a starfish always have five arms?



No, occasionally 4, 6 or 7. 12 News













QUESTION What luxurious fur is gotten from the weasel?





A PERFECT DAY! MY NEPHEW WILL PROB'LY WIN. MY EQUIPMENT CAN'T LOSE! AH, THE FIRST EVENT-- THE JAVELIN THROW!





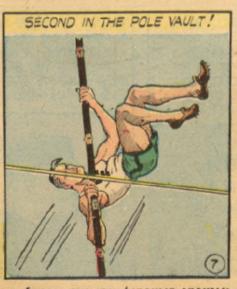






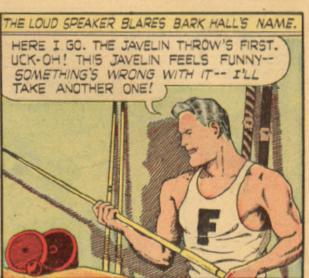
QUESTION Was Berserk a hero in Scandinavian mythology?









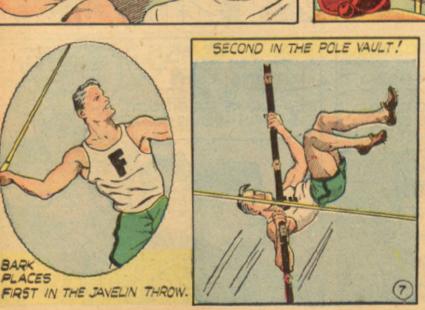


AND AS SATCHEL CLIMBS TO HIS FEET,

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO, GET OFF THE FIELD! HURRY! STEP ON IT!



PLACES



COLE OF FARR IS

DISQUALIFIED!

WHAT A

CHEAP

SPORT!

THROW THE

BUM OUT!

B00-0-0 B00-0!



Yes. He entered a battle without armour; warlike frenzy was his only weapon. E'N Weston.



-- AND IN THE DISCUS THROW--

HE DID SO WELL IN THE OTHER EVENTS, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY CADET HALL FAILED SO MISERABLY IN THE DISCUS THROW.



BARK WALKS OFF THE FIELD

IF SOME LITTLE FAIRY'LL TELL ME WHY I COULD ONLY CHUCK THAT PLATE FORTY NINE FEET, I'LL BE MUCH OBLIGED!



THE PENTATHLON COMES TO A CLOSE, AND BILL BRILL-

GOSH, I ONLY PLACED IN THREE EVENTS -- I GUESS MY SNAZZY CONVERTIBLE HAS COME AND GONE.



WHILE BARK HALL --]

ANNOUNCING THE WINNER! CADET HALL OF FARR, M.A!

CONGRATULATIONS, CADET HALL! YOU ARE A CREDIT TO FARR!

THANK YOU,



I'M CERTAINLY DISAPPOINTED IN BILL'S SHOWING! BUT-WELL, I'D BETTER GO OVER AND PRESENT THE AWARDS TO MAJOR FARR!





PARDON ME, MAJOR FARR, BUT SLIP'RY AND I DID A LITTLE INVESTIGATING, THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW--AND WE BROUGHT CADET COLE WITH US--AND MR. SATCHEL!

TAKE IT EASY, SATCHEL - YOU AREN'T NERVOUS, ARE YOU?



QUESTION Is the famous statue Discobolus (Discus Thrower) Greek or Roman sculpture?







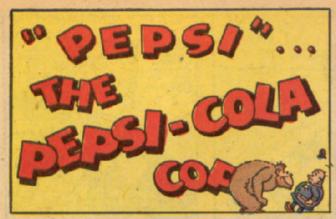


EQUIPMENT! WHY YOU -- YOU -- BAH! YOU'RE





Greek, done by Myron in the 5th Century. The Bankin V

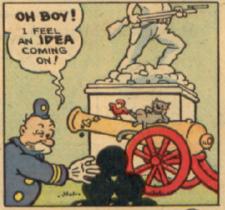












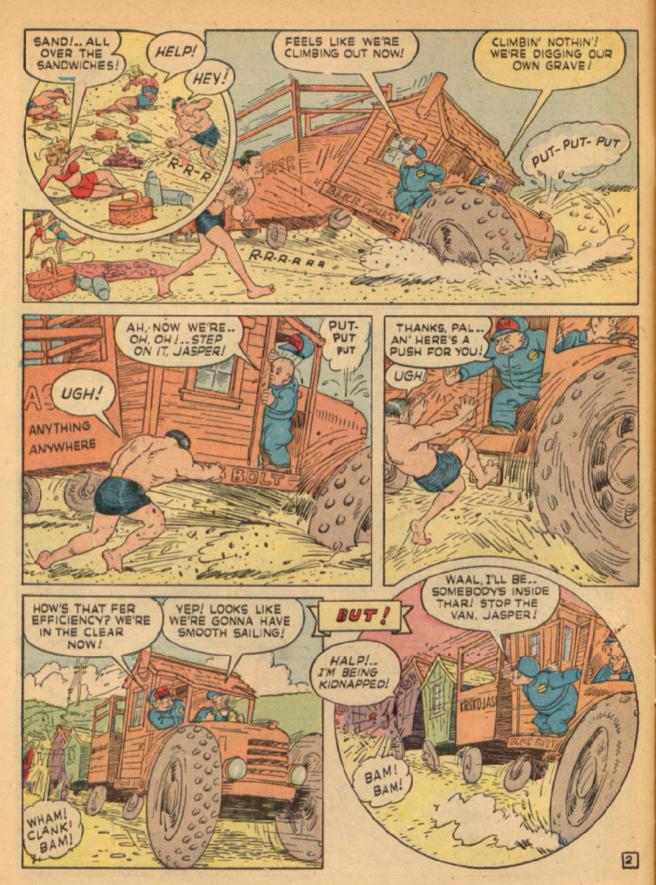












QUESTION Who first concocted a sandwich?

John Montagu, 4th Earl of Sandwich. 3-WW.







HAW! HAW! HAW!

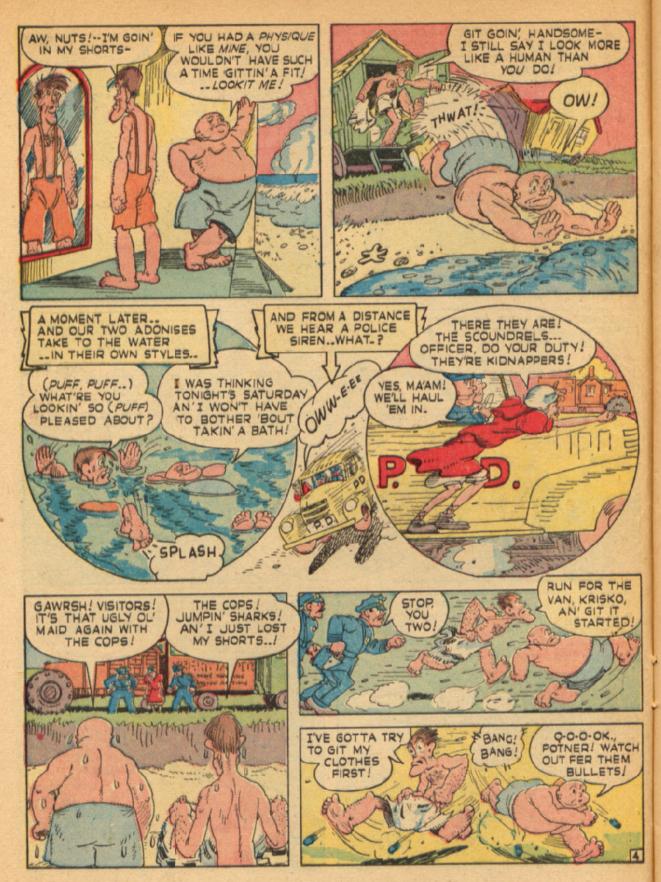
SHE THOUGHT WE WERE

KIDNAPPERS-HAW! HAW!

I WOULDN'T KIDNAP ANYTHING THAT UGLY ON A BET--LET'S GIT GOIN' AGIN! HALP!

POLICE.

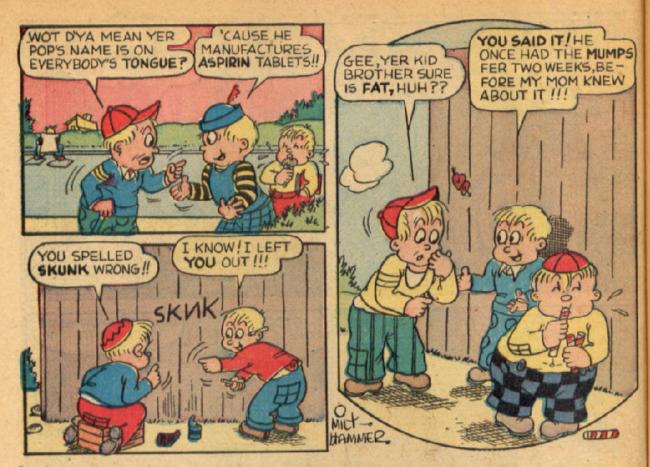




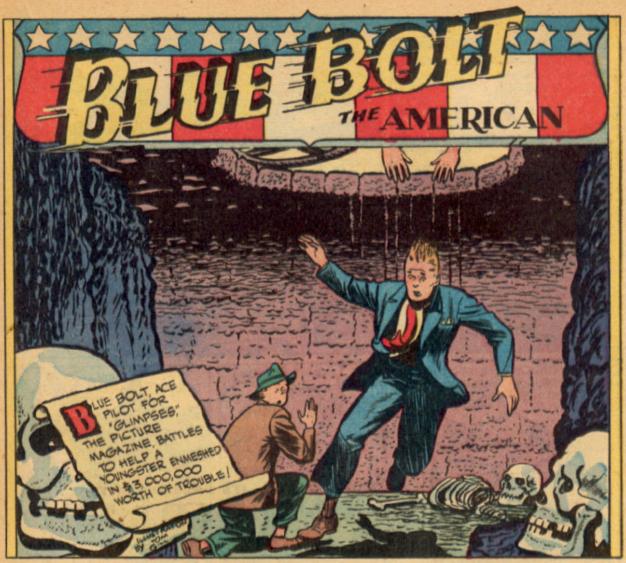
QUESTION In mythology, is Adonis the God of Love?



No, in Roman mythology Cupid is the God of Love. 27 WWW





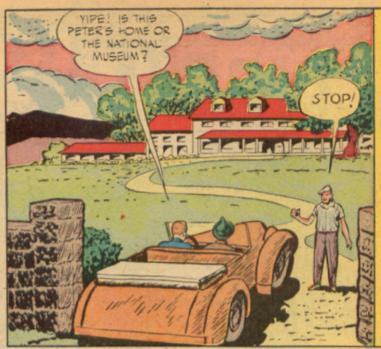














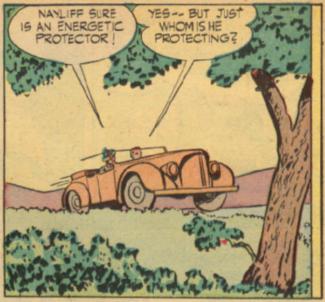


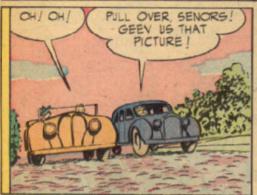




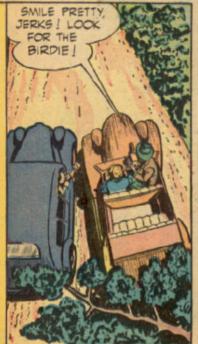












MAP SETS OFF SOME FLASH BULBS, TEMPORARILY BLINDING THE PURSUERS!







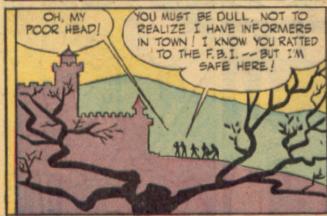


BLUE BOLT'S HUNCH











QUESTION Is it true that vultures rarely attack any living thing?





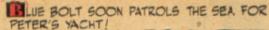


























BLUE BOLT





pulsated through the still night, and the stars were rhinestone pinpricks in the velvet of the sky..."

"Oh, brother!" Jim howled and threw the manuscript on the floor. He stretched and yawned. "Rhinestone pinpricks," he muttered, then glanced at his sister who sat with one ear glued to the radio and her geometry book on her lap.

"Angel foot," he observed warmly, "your writing stinks."

"You," Pat answered scathingly, "have no appreciation of the finer things. Al thinks it's terrific."

"You're wearing his frat pin, aren't you?"

"That has nothing whatever to do with it!" She pushed a hand through unruly red hair and nibbled determinedly on her pencil. "You naturally have a less descriptive style writing a sport column in the college newspaper."

"Ha!" Jim eased his six foot two out of the couch and handed Pat her story.

"No doubt this will take

every prize in the place, but don't count on it!"

Her geometry book hit the door just as it closed behind him.

For weeks now Pat had been laboring day and night to write a play for the yearly competition. Each class in high school was represented by one play and for three consecutive years the Senior class had walked away with the silver plaque Being a determined Sophomore, Pat would stop at nothing. Al, as president of the class, had to pick a play to be presented in the contest and the prospect was losing him countless hours of sleep each night.

"Er, Pat, why not wait till next year?" he implored. "Your style isn't developed fully yet."

"Now or never!" was her reply. "Don't you like my play?"

"Oh, sure!" he insisted hastily.

"Well?"

"OK," Al muttered weakly. Then added, "Let's get a coke," for a good man knows when he's licked. Days progressed into weeks and finally the time arrived when Al was to make his big decision. The night before he and Pat were plunking nickles into the juke box and limbering up their dancing legs for the big prom.

"Have you decided yet?" she asked him sweetly while he fiddled nervously with the straw in his coke.

"Well, yes, sort of," he conceded. "There are so many to choose from."

The silence was pronounced "Er," he continued, "the rest of the kids on the committee seem to think Jane Stall has a better theme." He paused. Pat remained very quiet, one eyebrow slightly raised. "Naturally, eh—" The straw broke in two and the coke spilled all down the front of his new jacket. He blotted it clumsily with several paper napkins, and barked his shin painfully against the table.

"Well, gee, Pat," he blurted. "Your being chairman of the Spring Prom and everything. You wouldn't have time for any rehearsals, would you?"

Pat said nothing.

"You are chairman of the prom, aren't you?"

"Yes." Very succinctly.

"Don't you think the play and the prom would be crowding things too much?"

Pat looked at him coldly; very, very coldly. "If you consider Jane Stall's efforts so far superior to mine—" She paused and her hand reached slowly for the fraternity pin which she wore right over her heart.

"Oh, golly no!" Al stammered quickly. "By golly, your play will represent the Sophomore class!" He suddenly felt extremely fine about the whole thing, except for the small growing dread of what the outcome would be

The big night finally arrived and when Al came to pick up Pat he seemed in better spirits than he had in weeks. She looked suspiciously at his smiling face.

"All set?" he beamed.

"All set."

"Brought you two gardenias, Pat. When you take those curtain calls, you must look just perfect!"

"Why, Al, how nice." The unease was evident in her voice. "You, er, seem very optomistic, Al," she observed wisely. "My play must have developed extremely well."

"Oh, it has! It has!" He linked her arm through his and as they walked briskly to the car, he whistled happily. Pat hesitated. "Just exactly what have you up your sleeve, Al Dunn?"

"Up my sleeve?" He laughed shakily. "Why — why not a thing!"

"You are putting on my play for the Sophomore class, aren't you?"

"Yes, yes, of course, Pat."

"You haven't been putting anything over on me these past few weeks just because I couldn't get to the rehearsals?"

"Oh, no! No indeed!" But Al's spirits were considerably dampened by the time they reached their destination. He settled Pat comfortably in her seat and went backstage. On the way he bumped into Jim.

"Jim," he pleaded, "for gosh sakes be around when the play is over, will you?"

"Sure, kid," Jim grinned.
"Get that frightened look off
your face, or the fat's in the
fire."

"Ok, ok," Al mumbled and continued backstage.

* * *

The Sophomore play was the last one presented and the applause was so deafening that it startled its author considerably. Pat sat very quietly in her seat and when they called for her, it was several minutes before she walked slowly toward the stage. Al watched her nervously as she approached. "And now," he announced quickly, "let me present the author of this fine comedy!"

Pat stood by his side.

"Comedy!" she hissed furiously through her teeth. "Comedy!"

"Although our principal, Mr. Keenan, wished to present the silver plaque to me as president of the Sophomore class, I think it only fair that the author should receive this honor." Al retreated hastily as the principal approached and barely heard the heart-warming commendations that flowed so gliby from his lips. Pat accepted the plaque, made a few appropriate comments and retired smiling from the stage. Jim was the first to reach her.

"Your play really went over with a bang."

"My play!" She was on the verge of tears! "You rewrote the whole thing, Jim, and I hate you. As for Al!"

"Wait a minute, honey," Jim said seriously. "I barely touched your script. All I did was turn a third rate melodrama into a first rate comedy. It was the interpretation that counted." He put his arm around her and gave her a tight squeeze. "Angel, you're a darned good writer but you take things much too seriously!"

Then Pat giggled. "It was sort of funny at that!" She laughed up at her brother and her eyes twinkled dangerously.

"Let's find the president of the Sophomore class. There are certain things I have to say to him." As they walked away Pat was humming happily to herself.

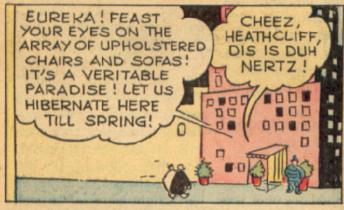
HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO

AND HIS PAL HOTSPUR







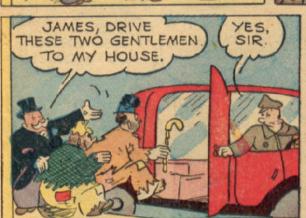








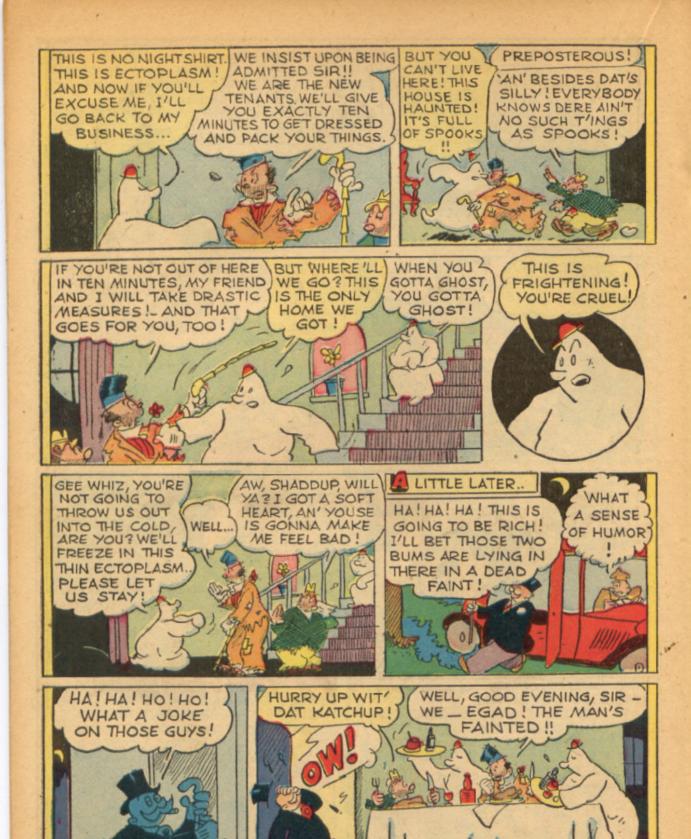




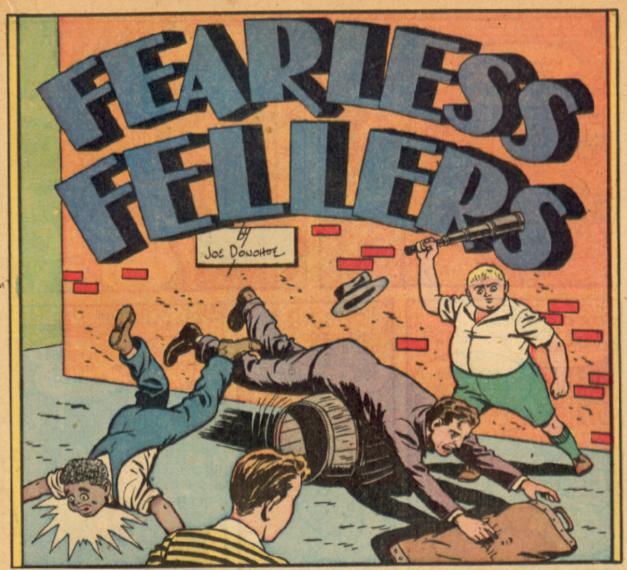








BLUE BOLT







BLUE BOLT







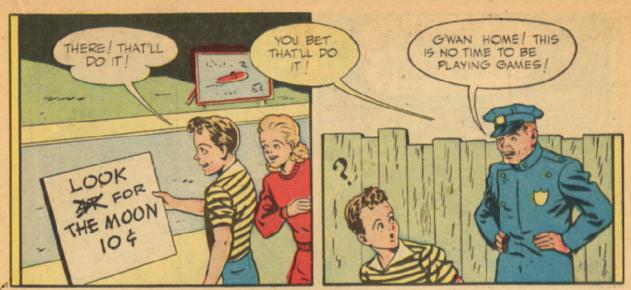








QUESTION Is the moon a planet, comet or meteor?











The moon is a planet. Janeh















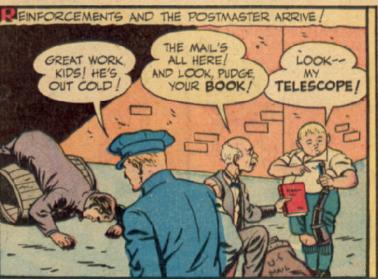
QUESTION Is the plural of thief: thieves, thiefs or thiefes?

The plural of thief is thieves. 23 Per et al



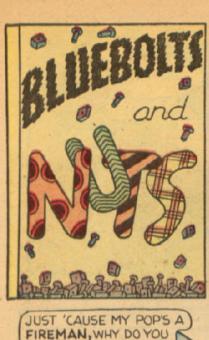


































SAY! THAT'S THE VICTORIA CROSS, YOU MIND TELLING US HOW YOU GOT

I'M A BIT TOO TIRED TO TALK NOW! IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL GO UP TO MY ROOM!



HE'S NOT AS GROUCHY AS HE SEEMS! YOU SEE, MY ENGLISH GRANDFATHER JUST DIED AND UNCLE'S SORT OF UPSET ABOUT IT! THAT'S WHY HE'S HERE, TO OH --! WELL, SETTLE THE ESTATE! MAYBE HE'LL FEEL LIKE TALKING LATER! HOW ABOUT SOME TENNIS?



OH, THATIS ALL RIGHT, MRS LEACOCK, WEIRE HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME ANYWAY!



THE BOYS SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING AT



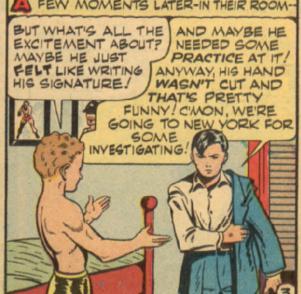


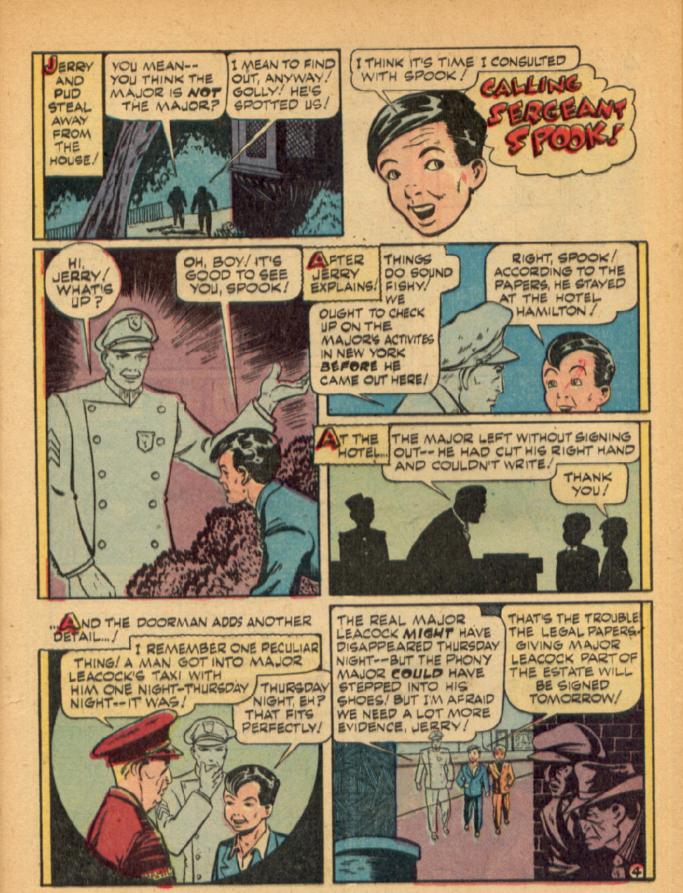
THE MAJOR HEARS THEM AND RUNS OUT TO THE TERRACE -- AND ---!











QUESTION Is the fish killer an animal, bug or poison?











It is an aquatic bug which preys on fishes. "Sen'es





SERGEANT SPOOK AND THE BOYS SPEED FOR THE ESTATE, THE THUGS TIED UP IN THE BACK SEAT.../ NOW TO GET THE BIGGEST RAT!







WE'VE GOT PROOF THAT YOUR

REAL BROTHER-IN-LAW WAS

MURDERED, MRS. LEACOCK!



















QUESTION Is it true that a mole has no mouth?

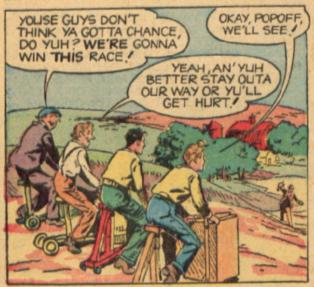














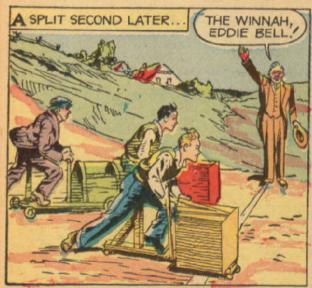














Punk is decayed wood useful for lighting fires. same

LET'S ALL MAKE THIS

SCOOTE?

SPEED!

ERE ARE THE PLANS FOR A SCOOTER JUST LIKE THE ONE EDDIE BELL LISED TO WIN THE RACE IN THE FOREGOING STORY! -GET BUSY

THRILLS!

F YOU LIKE, PAD THE SEAT AT REAR WITH RAGS, COVER WITH PIECE OF OILCLOTH.

FIND YOURSELF A STURDY SOAP BOX FOR YOUR FRONT PIECE, AND NAIL IN PLACE.

SEAT MADE OF 2"X 4" WOOD PIECES,

DO NOT MAKE

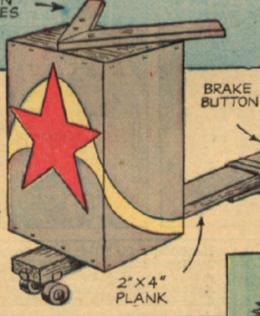
NAILED TOGETHER.

SEAT TOP

TOO WIDE!

WOODEN

PAINT FANCY DESIGN ON SCOOTER.



RUBBER HEEL BRAKE

WHEELS

ROLLER SKATE

BRAKE DETAIL

HINGE

TWO STOUT RUBBER BANDS TO HOLD BRAKE UP IN PLACE.

DOWEL, LOOSE, IN HOLE THROUGH MAIN 2"X4"

TO STOP SCOOTER, STEP ON DOWEL ... DOWEL FORCES RUBBER HEEL (NAILED TO BOARD, HINGED TO BOTTOM OF SCOOTER) DOWN TO GROUND.

OF SCOOTER'S WHEELS, TAKE OFF CENTRAL BOLT AND NUT OF AN OLD ROLLER SKATE. NAIL ONE HALF OF SKATE AT FRONT END OF SCOOTER, OTHER HALF AT REAR. KEEP WHEELS WELL OILED!



















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Explodes with a "Bang"

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New York 16, N. T.

Send at once X.ACTO I have checked, It is understood if I am
not satisfied I may return within five days for returns.

O I will pay postness plus postage and C.O.D.
Charges on arrival

D Enclosed find 1

N.ACTO desirred | Kik No. 82 \$5.50. | Kit No. 83. 45.00.

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No. 51 with 5 extra assorted blades. \$1.00 | No. 2 (heavy)
with one blade 50c | No. 59—with 5 extra assorted blades \$1.00.

No C.O.D.'s on orders under \$2.00.

MAME (Please Print Plainty)